



## ENJOY IN THIS ISSUE

- THE TWO VICTORS: A legend that stresses the meaning of true victory ... Page 7
- THE PRINCE AND THE WIZARD: Our serial of Adventure and Chivalry ... Page 10
- ADVENTURE OF MINTOO: Further deeds of your new friend ... Page 17
- AN ADVICE FROM THE BIRDS: About the fabulous wit of a slave-boy ... Page 19
- TANSEN: Story of one of greatest singers of all times ... Page 30
- THE WRATH OF THE INNOCENT: 'Pictorial' account of a saint versus a demon ... Page 35

PLUS 8 COMPLETE STORIES  
AND 6 OTHER FEATURES

## GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

धन्यास्ते पुरुषश्रेष्ठा ये बुद्ध्या कोपमुत्थितम् ।  
निरुन्धन्ति महात्मानो दीप्तमग्निमिवाम्भसा ॥

*Dhanyāste puruṣaśreṣṭhā ye buddhyā kopamutthitam,  
Nirundhanti mahātmāno dīptamagnimivāmbhasā.*

Hail to those heroes among men who, by their wisdom, can subdue their surging wrath just as water subdues a fire.

—The Ramayanam

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# Bournvita

## Wonder Page of Inventions - 4

### The Wonder of the Record Player

**Inventor:** Thomas Alva Edison  
1847-1931 USA

**Principle:** Sound waves create vibrations which can be recorded on a disc; and later, the original sound can be reproduced by playing the disc on a record player.

**Year:** 1877 (original version with recording on a wax cylinder played through a horn)

#### How does the record player work?

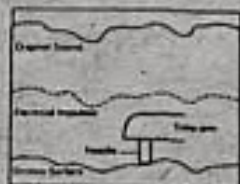
To make the record, sound is converted into electrical impulses through a microphone, then recorded in the form of a fine spiral groove cut into the surface of a disc. The groove's depth varies with the intensity of the impulses to create a record of the original sound.

The record player, which reproduces sound from the disc, has two main parts: 1. The turntable. 2. The tone-arm.

The turntable rotates the disc placed on it at a constant speed—making a specified number

of revolutions per minute (33 1/3, 45 or 78 rpm). The tone-arm pivots at one end, while its other free end has a

needle which rests on the disc at the time of playing. As the disc revolves, the groove runs under the needle resting in it, so that the needle 'feels' the varying depths of the groove and vibrates. The needle's vibrations are converted by the tone-arm into electrical impulses which are then amplified and fed to the speaker to reproduce the original sound.



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*We would like to know about the origin of the Nobel Prize and the Pulitzer Prize.*

—A. J. Elavia, Bombay

For Nobel Prize, please see the January '78 number of your magazine. Joseph Pulitzer was born in Hungary in 1847, but went over to America while quite young. He joined the U.S. Army from which he was discharged in 1867. He reached St. Louis almost penniless and joined a newspaper as a reporter.

From this humble beginning, he rose to the position of a proprietor of newspapers in 1871. He owned several newspapers and prospered rapidly. But, in 1882, his chief editorial lieutenant shot at and killed a famous lawyer at the height of a political quarrel. Although Pulitzer was not responsible for the tragedy, public sentiment was bitter against his publications. He moved away to New York.

At New York, he bought a well known newspaper, the *New York World*. He prospered again.

It is under his will that the Pulitzer Prizes were instituted. Only Americans are eligible to get them. They are given annually for fiction, drama, history, biography, poetry, music, and various aspects of journalism.

*Where did the game of Chess originate?*

—P. Nagesh, Kakinada

Chess was invented and played in India centuries ago. It was known as *Chaturanga*. Persians carried it to their country and called it *Shatranj*. This revised version of the original name returned to India and was widely used by Indians.

#### Result of Story Title Contest held in October Issue

The Prize is awarded to:

Mrs. Uma Mohan,

249 Lloyds Road, Madras 600 086.

Winning Entry—'PASSION AND COMPASSION'





# CHANDAMAMA

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MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU !

At Christmas Play and make good cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a year.

— Thomas Tusser

Christmas, indeed, is a great time. Whether Jesus Christ was born on the 25th of December or not is a matter of debate for the scholars. What is important is, we value the virtues which Christ represented and taught and we love to go festive on a day which celebrates his birth.

Christ taught us to be truthful. Let us "make good cheer" on the occasion of the Christmas by all means, but let us also remember that we cannot be cheerful in the true sense of the term without being truthful.

We wish you a truly cheerful Christmas !

With this issue we bid goodbye to the year-1978. We approach 1979 which the world has decided to observe as the International Children's Year. Your magazine proposes to give you a number of interesting feature befitting the year. Just be on the look out for the next number !





## LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

# THE TWO VICTORS

The king of Varanasi had gone out for a war. He fought bravely and conquered a neighbouring land. He was proud that he had now become the ruler over a greater territory.

Seated on an elephant that had been bedecked with ornaments, the king was returning home. Over his head was raised a bejewelled umbrella. Drummers and pipers followed him, playing their instruments all the while. Soldiers who followed the party of musicians raised slogans hailing the king. Flags of victory fluttered.

They reached a river which had to be crossed. The soldiers stood in attention on the bank, waiting for the king's order.

The music stopped and so did the slogan-shouting.

The proud king was telling himself, again and again, "I am the victor!" Needless to say, he did so in silence. As the sound of music and the noise of his people stopped, he could hear a stranger's voice coming from a small forest, proclaiming, "I am the victor!" It was as though someone was echoing his thought!

The king was surprised. Who was the fellow who shouted out these words? Over whom had he won a victory?

At the asking of the king, some of his soldiers galloped into the forest. Before long they returned to their king, one





of them leading a young man holding him by the arm.

"My lord! This is the fellow whose shouts we heard!" reported the soldier who had dragged the stranger along.

The king surveyed the young man attentively. The young man looked poor. He held no weapon with which he could have won a victory over anybody. But what surprised the king most was the fact that although the young man had been roughly handled by the soldiers and forced to come to the king, he showed no fear or disgust. Rather his face was marked by calm and joy.

"Young man, we heard you exclaim that you were the victor. Over whom did you win a victory and when? If anybody, it is I who am the victor. I have just humbled a powerful enemy," said the king.

Without any agitation or excitement, the young man narrated his story:

He was a poor villager who raised vegetables on a small piece of land and managed to make the both ends meet. All he had for a property, his small hut apart, was a spade. However, he had a great yearning for becoming an ascetic. One day he buried his spade in a corner of his hut and left the village, intending to go over to the Himalayas. But he had not gone far when the memory of the spade overwhelmed him. The instrument had been so dear to him!

He returned home and dug out the spade. A few days later he hid the spade at another spot and left home again. But again his attachment to the spade brought him back. This happened again and again.

"I must get rid of this stupid bondage to my spade. Otherwise my high aspiration will remain ever unrealised," he



thought. Then he took his spade out and came to the river-bank. "I should not remember the spot in the river where the spade would lie so that even if I feel tempted to recover it, I shall fail to do so," he told himself.

He closed his eyes and ran along the river-bank and threw the spade into the water. Then he ran in the opposite direction for a long time before opening his eyes.

"I am the victor!" he exclaimed, meaning that he had won a victory over his attachment. That was the exclamation the king had heard.

After narrating his story, the young man said, "O noble king! You might have won a victory over a powerful enemy. But he is an external enemy. I have won a victory over the inner

enemy—my greed or attachment! That is a far more difficult task to accomplish."

The young man radiated a joy which no victory over an empire could have brought to anybody. The king was filled with a sense of reverence for him. By and by, a great change came over the king.

"Where are you going, O blessed young man?" asked the king.

"To the Himalayas," replied the young man.

"Please allow me to go with you," said the king. To everybody's bewilderment, he alighted from his elephant and, without looking back, followed the young man.

It was the Buddha who, in one of his previous incarnations, was the young man.

*From the Buddha Jatakas*





# The Prince

## and the WIZARD

(If Badal had crept into the palace first time to avenge his master's death by killing King Bhuvansingh, the reason for his doing the same for the second time was to meet Princess Pratiba. It was through the help of the princess that he had escaped on the first occasion. He felt an irresistible urge to meet her once more. But he was captured and thrown into a dungeon where the princess met him. At the midst of their conversation appeared the king.)

12

Badal and Princess Pratiba kept looking at the king, feeling aghast and undone. The king took a slow step towards them and shifted his gaze from Badal to his daughter. The princess could read his face. His fury at Badal was changing into a disgust for her.

"Father!" the princess cried out, but she did not know what more to say.

"I wish you stopped addressing me like that. I hate to think of my daughter stooping to this level of conduct!" roared the king.

There followed a minute's silence which was broken by a sob from the princess. A sneer was marked on the curled lips of the king.

"You have been brave enough

to meet a young man secretly. You have not cared two hoots for the dignity of your father, the king. Must you now break down because caught red-handed? Why don't you continue to be brave?" asked the king.

"Father!" sobbed out the princess again, "Believe me, I had hardly any hand in whatever has happened. It is true that I have come to set my heart upon this young man. For this I am no less surprised than yourself. But all I can say is, he is eligible to love me and he is worthy of my love!"

"Shut up!" shouted the king, fuming. "How dare you say such things to my face? Are you not ashamed of setting your heart on a fellow who sneaks



into my house like a thief? Before the world knows that my daughter has a coward for her secret lover, he must die!"

"O father!" cried out the princess, "Why not solve the problem by killing me instead of this young man? You will never have any occasion to feel embarrassed again!"

The princess almost collapsed at her father's feet. The king's face showed that he had been moved. His fury had given way to a great conflict. His deep love for his daughter was reasserting itself in his mind.

He stooped and raised his daughter by her arms.

"No amount of your plead-

ing can save the young man. Sparing his life after what he has done is just out of the question!" said the king in a grim voice, without showing any emotion.

"Father!" cried out the princess, "Do you remember the time when, in our orchard, I stood face to face with a tiger and a mysterious young man sprang up between us and saved me from the ferocious beast? He was none other than this prisoner of yours. Does he not deserve to be spared at least in view of his having saved me?"

It was a revelation for the king and, surely, he cast a glance







of amazement at the prisoner. One who had sprang up between his daughter and the tiger could not but be a man of exemplary courage and nobility of heart. But the king could not afford to be soft on that account in the present situation.

"I hope, you have said whatever you had to. I would now like you to go away," said the king pointedly, looking at the princess. He had grown conscious of the fact that the princess stood in the way of his confronting the prisoner in the right stern manner.

The princess hesitated.

"Take her away!" the king

commanded her maid.

The maid entwined the princess with her arm and led her away. The king could hear her sob as soon as she stepped out of the dungeon.

The king now stared into Badal's eyes and said, "I have no desire to waste words on you. All I wish to know is, what was your motive in entering the palace. As to who you are, I have hardly any need to ask you. It is obvious that one who steels into the palace under the cover of darkness is, to say the least, a heinous thief..."

"Stop!"

The king stopped at the middle of the sentence and looked in surprise at the young prisoner.

"You have no right to call me a thief. I have a greater right to the palace than you have!" Badal blurted out, his face red with fury.

The king, taken aback at first, soon composed himself and smiled sarcastically.

"I see, you are not only a trespasser, but also a mad one at that!" he commented.

"I won't quarrel with you for your calling me mad. At first I was mad with the spirit of



vengeance and I entered the palace. I entered the palace again, mad with the urge to meet the princess," Badal confessed.

The king displayed an expression of contempt.

"There must be many foolish lads like you to feel mad for a princess. There is nothing unusual in it. Of course, you deserve credit for being the only one who would dare into the palace to cultivate her acquaintance. However, what I don't understand is, why you should grow mad with a spirit of vengeance. What is your grievance and against whom?" demanded the king.

Badal took some time to make up his mind. Then, fixing his eyes on the king, he said, "If you are going to kill me, by giving out my identity, I will only hasten my death. But I must disclose who I am, first, for the sake of the princess. While I die, let her feel sure that one who had claimed her love was not unworthy of it. Secondly, you should also know how much wrong you are in equating me with a thief. Well, know who I am—I am the grandson of the noble King Veersingh who was murdered by your father!"

"What!" shrieked out the king.







"You know very well that your father treacherously murdered not only King Veersingh, but also my father, the Crown Prince, the entire royal family, and all the noblemen of King Veersingh's court. I was an infant. My grandfather's brave minister escaped carrying me with him. For long did your father try to trace me, but in vain. The old minister kept my identity a secret even from myself till his last moment. He died of burns when your soldiers raided our hide-out and put fire to our huts. I had promised to avenge his death. I have tried, though I fail."

Badal stopped. Tears drizzled in his eyes at the memory of his master.

King Bhuvansingh kept standing like a statue. The disclosure was so unexpected that he was at a total loss of words.

After a pause, the prince resumed, "And if you care to listen to me, here is my only request before I am put to death: Never be harsh to your sweet daughter. I presented her with a magic ring. One who was to receive it from her was to fall in love with her. She slipped the ring onto my finger so that I would love her and would consequently refrain from harming you. Your safety was her first concern!"

After a spell of silence the king said, "Young man, you amaze me. To be frank, I do not remember having faced a more strange situation in my life than this. Our spies had informed us that King Veersingh's infant grandson had escaped the attack. My father made repeated attempts to fish the child out, but failed. After my father's death I too tried to gather the whereabouts of the boy, although with a different motive. I also did not succeed. However, I remember our spies



reporting that the infant prince bore on his skin a dark patch on the right side of his chest. If you are the prince..."

Badal pulled down a portion of his garment, revealing the dark patch, even before the king had completed his sentence.

The king made no effort at hiding his satisfaction.

"Very well, my boy," said the king, giving an affectionate pat on Badal's back. "Perhaps I too would have thirst for vengeance had I been in your place. All I can say is, your enthusiasm was a bit misplaced. I played no role in the animosity between your grandfather and my father. Course

of events made me a king without my having any design on the throne. Once a king, I had to act as a king. I shall happily retire the day an eligible youth has claimed the throne through the courtesy of my daughter, my only child and heir."

Badal's expression showed rapid changes. Anguish gave way to understanding and gratefulness. Upon the king's last observation, he even blushed.

"But," continued the king, "we are passing through bad times. It is my daughter in particular who has come under the influence of some evil power.





There have been several bad omens to frighten us. But what has shocked us most is the loss of a talisman which had come down to us from your dynasty."

The king went on to narrate how his father had managed to take hold of the talisman before launching his attack on the dynasty of King Veersingh. Now that the talisman was lost to him, he apprehended great danger to his own dynasty.

Further, the king revealed that the talisman had been stolen just when the wizard was performing his feats in the court. He also narrated the queen's dream.

"I strongly feel that the loss of the talisman and the queen's dream are related. My only concern now is how to recover the talisman!" the king said in conclusion.

Badal was listening to the king with rapt attention. His face brightened up.

"My lord! Allow me some time. I am hopeful of recovering the talisman. But let nobody know that I am out to make

such an effort," Badal said.

"Bravo, my boy," exclaimed the king. "I know, the talisman cannot be recovered through force, by my army. Let us see you prove your braveness and tact. I shall then have no hesitation in declaring you as the heir to the throne."

Badal was soon led out of the palace through a secret passage.

"One more thing, my boy," whispered the king as Badal was about to leave. "Our astrologer has warned us that the princess would enter the darkest phase of her life in a month's time. That might prove catastrophic to her. There is only one way to save her and that is to give her away to another dynasty. In other words, she must be married off. However, we shall wait for your triumphant return within a month."

Badal listened to the king's parting words with rapt attention and bowed to him.

The king looked on while he walked away and was lost in the mist and the moonlight.

*(to be continued)*

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## A GIGGLE AND A GIBBER

Mintoo the forest-boy saved a baby-monkey by letting the hunter fall into a pit. He fed the monkey and named it Jhandoo.



The hunter kept on shouting for help. When Mintoo peeped into the pit, the fellow entreated upon him to help him come out. He promised Mintoo many a reward.



Mintoo took pity on the fellow. Throwing a bamboo pole into the pit, he helped him come out. Jhandoo, the little monkey, sat safe in a nearby tree.



Once out, the hunter, far from rewarding Mintoo, abused him right and left, for he guessed that it was Mintoo who caused him the suffering.







And soon the hunter took hold of Mintoo. Although he struggled to be free, the fellow succeeded in hurling him into the pit.



Jhandoo observed everything, horrified. But as soon as the hunter went away, he managed to roll the bamboo to the mouth of the pit and then to slip it down.

It was not difficult for Mintoo to climb up with the help of the pole. He fondled Jhandoo. Both realised that they had become friends!



The hunter who relaxed under a tree suddenly heard a giggle and a gibber. To his great dismay he saw Mintoo and Jhandoo running away.

*(To be continued)*



In a certain town lived a rich landlord. He had a daughter for his only child. The girl was beautiful. Besides, being the only heir to her father's vast estates, she deserved the hand of a prince in marriage. That is what she thought, her father thought, and all those who knew them thought.

But not their page whom the landlord had bought from the slave-market a year or two ago. The audacious lad thought that

he deserved to marry his master's daughter!

Not that the page revealed his ambition to anybody. He was too clever to do that. All he did was to steal a bottle of wine and a gold ring from the neighbouring households, in the course of a whole year. Certainly he could not have won his master's daughter's hand through a gift of these two stolen articles! No, his was a highly original scheme.







ing so. At first he ignored the boy's conduct. But soon he grew a bit curious and asked him what he was doing.

The page kept quiet.

"You behave as if you can understand what the birds are saying!" said the landlord jokingly. His wife and daughter laughed.

The page pretended to blush; as if a secret of his had been out!

His behaviour intrigued his master. "Tell me what you were muttering!" he demanded.

"My master, it is true that I can understand the language of the birds!" said the page.

The landlord did not know whether to laugh at the boy or to slap him. Just then a crow, perched on a branch not far above them, cawed.

"What does the crow say?" asked the landlord.

"It says that a bottle of wine remains buried under this tree," replied the page.

"Really?" observed his master and he picked up a shovel and began digging around the tree. He did so more to call the page's bluff and punish him than to hit upon a bottle of wine.

But, lo and behold, a bottle

It was a summer evening. The sun had set and the breeze had just begun cooling down. The landlord, his wife, and their daughter were enjoying a stroll in their garden. The page followed them, as was the practice, to run errands should it be necessary.

While the landlord and his wife exchanged their views on a variety of matters and their daughter pranced about, clapping her hands at the squirrels and giggling, the page remained behind and was heard muttering to himself from time to time. He did so looking at the birds.

His master observed him do-



of wine was what he found! He stood speechless. His wife and daughter looked at the page with awe.

A bird chirped as it flew overhead. The page looked up and nodded.

"Did this bird also say something meaningful?" asked the landlord's wife.

"It said that there is a gold ring lying in the nest which a bird has built on the tree yonder," replied the page.

The landlord had no patience to summon a servant. He climbed the tree and traced the nest. In the nest lay a gold ring!

Coming down, the landlord

embraced his page and said, "I doubt if there is another lad as much gifted as you are in the whole land!"

"There isn't, I'm sure," agreed his wife.

A couple of birds whistled from a bush. "Shut up!" exclaimed the page.

"What did they say?" asked the landlord.

"Pardon me, master, I cannot reveal that to you," was the boy's answer. He looked terribly embarrassed.

"Come, come, you must tell us about it," said the master in great eagerness.

"Yes, be a good boy and





“speak it out,” implored the master’s wife.

“I would rather die than say it, for if I say it, I would die in your hands,” said the page, pretending to be in a state of panic.

“No harm will be done to you, I assure you,” asserted the landlord.

“Yes, yes, I stand guarantee for it,” said the landlord’s sweet daughter.

“Well then, if hear you must...” the page hemmed and hawed for a moment and then blurted out, “the birds say that a great misfortune is about to befall your family. The only way out is to marry your daughter

to me!”

There was an ominous silence. Slowly the landlord said, “Well, you are not unworthy of my daughter’s hand but for your lowly birth. But once you marry my daughter, you will be recognised as my son-in-law and heir. Nobody would care to know from where you came!”

“The birds know better than we poor human beings. Since they say that the marriage would do good, we ought not to delay the matter,” remarked the landlord’s wife.

Indeed, the event was not delayed.

(Adapted)





## TWO LAMPS

Once the king of Padmapur received complaints against some of his officers who held top positions. The one officer against whom there was no complaint was Mallikarjun, his treasurer.

He wanted to put his treasurer into some test. Donning a disguise he paid a visit to Mallikarjun at the latter's office.

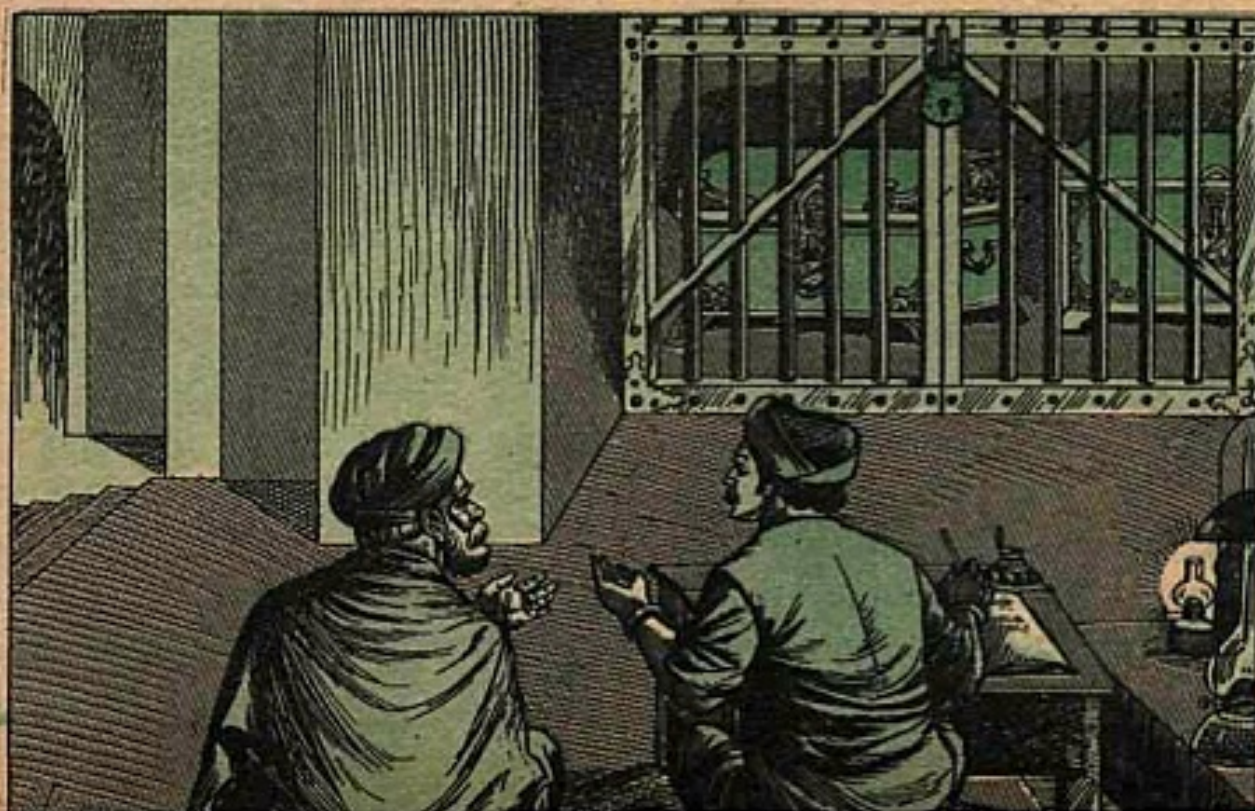
"I wish to talk to you on some personal and private matters," the disguised king informed Mallikarjun.

Mallikarjun who was then engrossed in some account, said, "Please wait for a while."

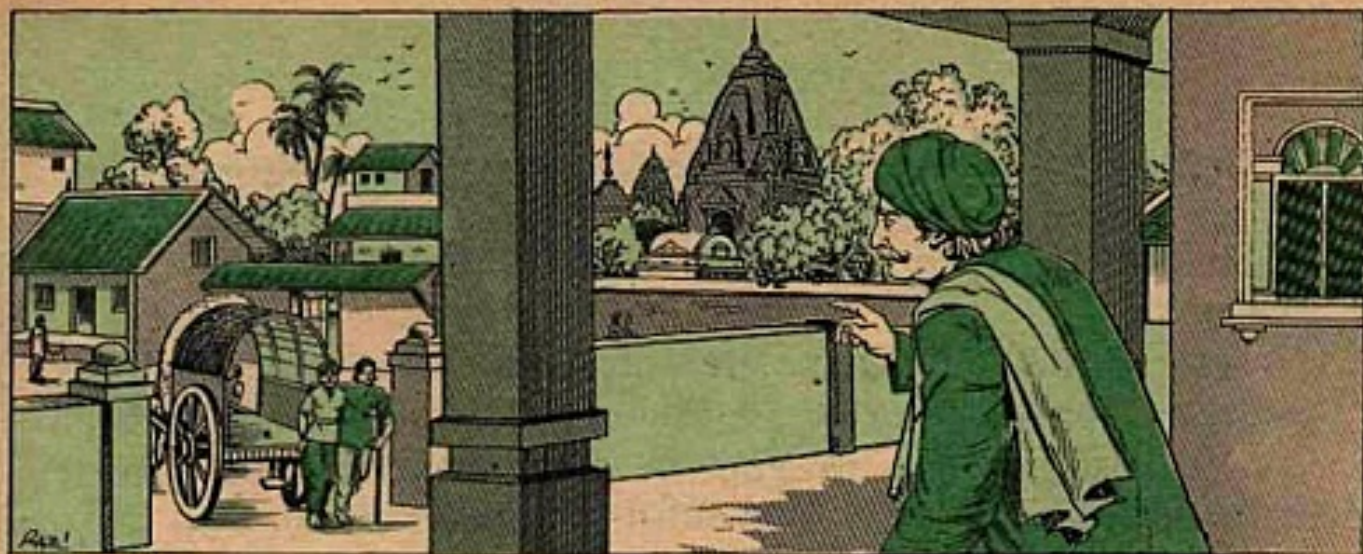
Mallikarjun closed his account book after about half an hour and then extinguished the lamp that was before him and lighted another lamp that was kept behind. Then he said, "Come on. Let me hear what you have to say."

"But tell me first, why did you extinguish one lamp and light another?" asked the surprised king.

"Well, the first lamp and the oil in it belong to the Government. I used that lamp for the official work. Since you say that you have personal talk with me, I had to light my own lamp. I have no right to use the official lamp for any personal business," explained the treasurer.







## THE CRUTCH OF LIES

Ramji was not only wealthy but also a man of conscience. People of his region loved him and praised him for his sense of judgment.

Ramji had three young sons. Of them Jagan the eldest and Gopi the second assisted him in all his works. They were always on the move, supervising the various farms and orchards of their father. However, Ranganath, the youngest, never bothered about the affairs of the family. He was extremely fond of music. He sang charmingly. When he was not practising music, he was spending his time in some philanthropic work. He was not interested in earning money.

Ramji knew that Ranganath was a good-natured boy. That is why he did not ask him to change his ways.

"How is it, father, that you do not chide Rangu? He spends extravagantly, but never brings a pie to the house!" observed Gopinath in a way of complaining before his father, whenever he found an opportunity. But Jagan's attitude was different. "Father!" he would say, "Never worry on account of Rangu. I assure you that as long as I am fit he won't suffer for lack of anything. He is devoted to music and philanthropy. Let him continue to be so."

Jagan's words brought great relief to Ramji who no doubt



felt worried for Ranganath.

Days were passing smoothly. But one afternoon Ramji felt quite anxious at seeing his second son Gopinath getting off a cart with the help of his friend, Shankar. He was limping.

"What is the matter?" asked Ramji.

"Gopinath fell from the embankment near your orchard and was injured. I carried him to the physician. He said that the fracture which Gopi has got in his bone is irreparable. He can walk only with a crutch for the rest of his life," reported Shankar.

"It can't be so. I shall carry him to the city and arrange for his proper treatment," announced Ramji.

"No use doing so, father," mumbled out Gopinath. "I understand from what the physician said that any treatment would only result in my further suffering. Better you set aside the money you would like to spend for my treatment. When the property is divided among us, give me that money in addition to my share of the property. That will be of great help to me, invalid that I have become." Gopinath broke down.



Ramji kept looking at Gopinath for a while and then left.

A month later it was heard that Ramji was going to divide his property among his sons. On the appointed day a large number of villagers collected on the veranda of Ramji's house. As soon as Ramji came out of his room, Gopinath met him and, weeping, said, "Father, you know my condition well. Do not forget to give special consideration to my case!"

Without a word Ramji came out to the veranda. He was followed by his three sons.

After greeting the villagers, Ramji announced, "I propose



to divide my property equally between Jagan and Rangu. Gopinath will continue to stay in the house. He will be maintained by his brothers."

"What does this mean, father?" cried out Gopinath. "Why should I be deprived of a third of the property? Why must I depend of the charity of others?"

"My property consists of lands. They lie scattered. Being lame, you cannot move about looking after them. Land will yield nothing without direct supervision. What use giving you lands? On the other hand, I have full confidence in your brothers. They will never neglect you," said Ramji.

"Who says I shall remain lame forever? I am already feeling better. Maybe, I shall be able to walk about normally

in another month's time," spoke out Gopinath hurriedly.

"Very good. I shall wait for a month and then decide," announced Ramji.

Gopinath was found to be progressing rapidly. After a month he was walking quite normally. He threw away the crutch.

One day Ramji called Gopinath into his room and said, "I am ashamed of you. You pretended lameness because you grew jealous of Rangu. By arousing my sympathy, you dreamt of getting more than your brothers. I will give you a third of my property, but you have forfeited my love. How could a son of mine stoop so low as to bribe a friend and a physician to speak lies?"

Gopinath received the admonition with his head hung.





## THE JESTER AND HIS SON

A son was born to the court-jester at his advanced age. The jester's joy knew no bound. The child drew all his attention. He was always alert to satisfy all the demands of the child.

The child was quite conscious of his father's indulgence towards him. He took full opportunity of it. His demand was ever on the increase!

One day the jester got a little irritated with the child and gave him a slap. But soon thereafter he repented and presented the child with a rupee.

The child stood in a thoughtful mood.

"What are you thinking?" asked the father.

"I wonder if we could enter a contract!" said the boy.

"What sort of contract?" asked the surprised father.

"You could give me a slap a day, on condition that it would be followed by a rupee!" replied the son.







## AS YOU LIKE IT

A forest is not the fit place for a Duke to live. But a French Duke who had lost his Dukedom to his treacherous younger brother lived with a small but merry party in the forest of Arden.

The Duke's daughter, Rosalind, however, was allowed to live in the castle along with Celia, the daughter of the usurper, Frederick. One day the girls witnessed a wrestling bout in which an unknown youth, Orlando, fought with a professional champion. Orlando's wicked brother, Oliver, desired the champion to vanquish Orlando. But with a show of rare courage and tact, Orlando defeated the champion.

Orlando ought to have been rewarded by Duke Frederick. But Frederick came to know that the young man's father had been a great friend of the exiled Duke. That aroused his wrath against Orlando.

But Orlando did not go unrewarded. He had won the

sweet Rosalind's love. Rosalind must pay the price for setting her heart upon Orlando. She was banished. Her faithful cousin, Celia, accompanied her.

Into the forest of Arden they went. Rosalind dressed up as a shepherd boy. Celia passed on as the shepherd's sister.

Before long Orlando arrived in the forest, mad with his love for Rosalind. In the "shepherd boy" he found much solace. Soon he was followed by his brother, Oliver, who intended to kill him.

But Oliver's life was in danger from a terrible snake and a hungry lioness. Orlando, on his way to meet Rosalind, appeared on the scene in time to save him. The grateful Oliver was now a changed man.

Orlando had been wounded in his encounter with the lioness. He sent Oliver to inform Rosalind (whom he still took to be a shepherd boy) of his condition. The result is, Oliver meets Celia



and falls in love with her.

Oliver and Celia plan marriage. Only if Orlando too could marry. Rosalind!—Orlando thinks wistfully. Why not? The "shepherd boy" promises to produce Rosalind through magic.

The exiled Duke is the chief guest in the nuptial ceremony. Rosalind throws away her disguise and reveals herself.

It is a delightful hour. They are greeted by still another wave

of delight when the news reaches them that the usurper, Frederick, on his way to the forest to kill his brother, had happened to meet a holy man and under the influence of the great soul his heart had changed completely. He was going to restore to the rightful Duke his property and position!

The popularity of Shakespeare's *As You Like It* remains undiminished through the centuries.





The great sage and singer, Haridas, was on his way to the holy city of Varanasi. It was noon. Haridas and his followers sat down in the cool shadow of a grove. The city was not far.

Suddenly a roar surprised them. "It is a tiger's roar! Let us run away," a member of the party told the others in panic.

"Wait. How can a tiger roam about near the city?" asked Haridas. The roar was heard again. This time the sage smiled and ordered his followers to look for the 'tiger'.

The followers knew full well that there could be no danger in following their master's order. They scattered in all directions. Before long they were able to find the 'tiger'.

He was a boy of ten. He had hid under a bush and roared like a tiger. His mimicry had been perfect.

The charming lad blushed as he was dragged to the sage's presence.

"What is your name?" asked the sage, patting the boy on the back.

"Ramtanu," replied the boy.

The sage surveyed the boy again and again. With a vision which went deep, he realised that the boy had rare qualities hidden in him.

The boy was tending cattle in the pastures around the grove. As his eyes fell on the travellers, a mischievous inspiration came to him. He roared like a tiger to terrify them. Had he wished, he could have laughed like a hyena or growled like a bear. He could mimic almost any creature!

Haridas met the boy's father, Mukundram Pandey, a scholar and musician of Varanasi. Pandey was overwhelmed with joy when the great sage expressed a desire to take charge of the boy. Pandey knew that Ramtanu, his only child, had something extraordinary about him. The child had been born to him with the blessings of a fakir, a Muslim saint of Gwalior, Hazrat Muhammad.

Ramtanu joined Haridas. At the end of his pilgrimage, the sage returned to his ashram at Brindavan.



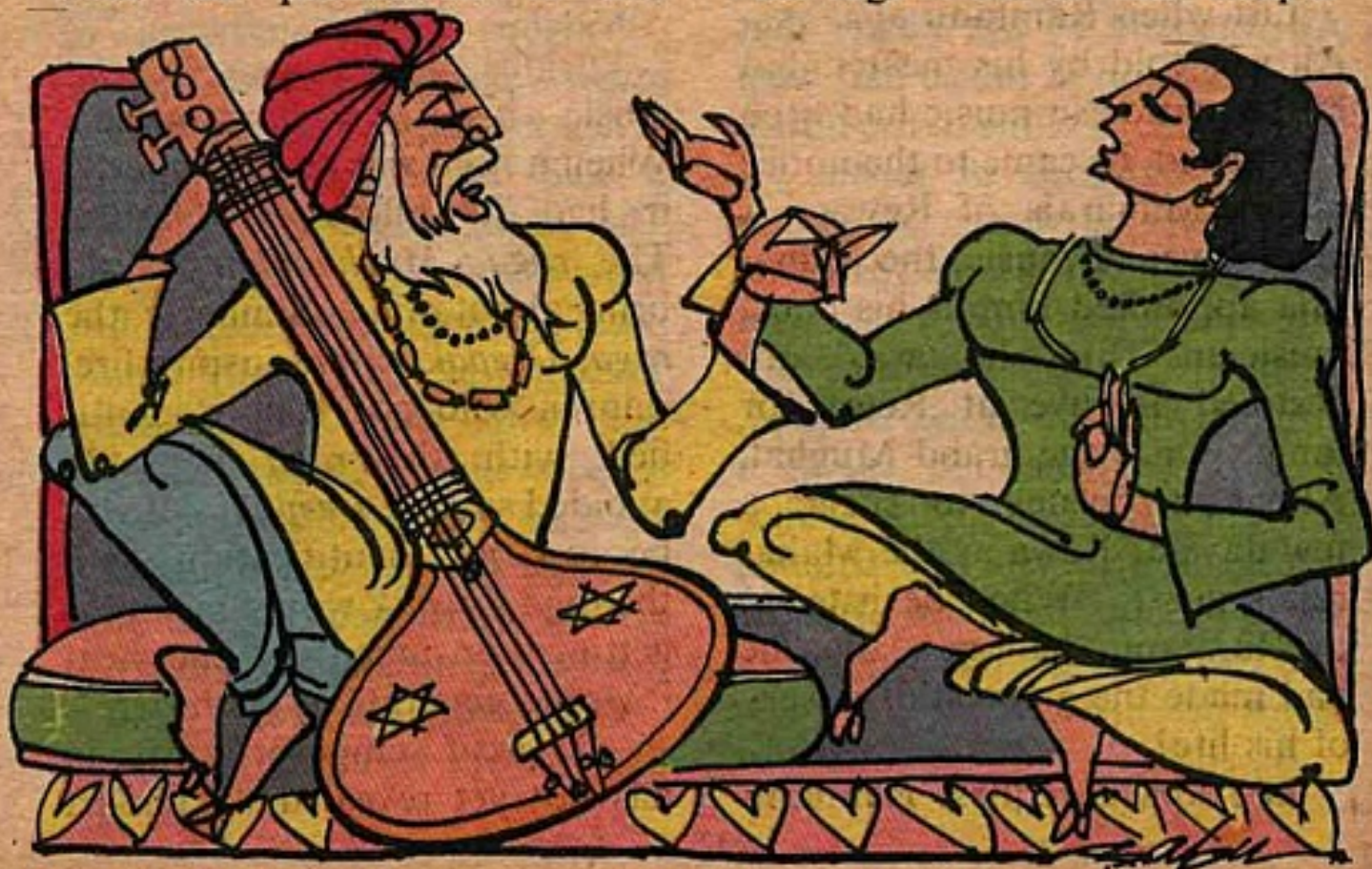
Haridas was widely known as a sage. But very few knew that he was a great musician—perhaps the greatest musician of the time. His musical genius, which had flourished through Yoga, was seldom demonstrated to the public. But he was keen to pass on his achievement to some worthy disciple. In Ramtanu he found such a disciple.

For ten years Ramtanu devoted all his attention to learning the secrets of music from his master. He had become a great singer when he came to see his father who was dying. Pandey asked him to go to Gwalior and serve the fakir, Hazrat Muhammad, for a while. With the permission of his

master, Ramtanu proceeded to Gwalior.

The rani of Gwalior, Mri-ganayani, was a gifted musician. She admired Ramtanu and Ramtanu visited the palace regularly. Among the companions of the rani was a young lady whose father had turned a Muslim. Ramtanu fell in love with her and, with the blessings of the fakir as well as the rani, married her. Partly because of the marriage and partly because the fakir looked upon him as his son, Ramtanu took to Islam and assumed the new name—Muhammad Ata Ali Khan.

With his wife, the young musician returned to Haridas. The sage received the couple







with great warmth and resumed teaching his art to the dear disciple.

Just when Ramtanu alias Ata Ali was told by his master that his education in music had been completed, he came to the notice of the Maharaja of Rewa. A great lover of music, the Maharaja appointed him as his court musician. But he was not destined to live at Rewa for long. Once the grand Mughal, Akbar, happened to spend a few days at Rewa as the Maharaja's guest. When he listened to Ramtanu, he knew that he had made the greatest discovery of his life!

At Akbar's request Ramtanu

proceeded to Delhi and joined the emperor's service as the court musician. It was Akbar who addressed him as Tansen—one whose music melted the hearts of the listeners.

The emperor grew immensely fond of Tansen. He saw to it that the great musician lived undisturbed when he practised his art. Tansen enjoyed the leisure and the opportunity to make wonderful innovations in music. He composed new *ragas* and evolved novel styles of singing.

The emperor heaped invaluable presents on his favourite musician. That inspired jealousy in other singers and courtiers.

Various *ragas*—patterns of music—inspired various moods. When a *raga* was sung properly, it had its effect on Nature. The *raga*, *Meghmalar*, could bring about rain. Similarly, the *raga*, *Deepak*, could inspire fire. Tansen who got totally identified with the *raga* he sang, avoided singing *Deepak*. It was because an identification with the *raga Deepak* would mean his getting consumed by the heat it would generate in his heart.

“O great emperor! Tansen has not yet revealed all his art



to you. He has not yet sung *Deepak* before you!" some of the jealous courtiers whispered to the emperor.

Curiosity took hold of the emperor. He asked Tansen to sing *Deepak*.

Tansen, in his mild way, tried to make the emperor conscious of the danger that was there in singing *Deepak*. But the hint fell on deaf ears. Tansen was not the artiste to back out. He decided to satisfy the emperor at a risk to his life.

But he took a precaution. He made his daughter, Saraswati, and another singer, a disciple of Haridas named Roopvati, to sit ready for singing the *Meghmalar*, the *raga* that could

counter the effect of *Deepak*.

The legendary *Deepak* was rarely heard. Upon the news spreading that Tansen was going to sing the *raga*, innumerable lovers of music thronged the emperor's court. Rajas and Maharajas came from far.

On the appointed day Tansen performed a *yajna* in solemn silence. Then he began singing. In no time the vibrations of his voice brought about a strange change in the climate. While the music kept the audience enchanted, there was an oppressive heat felt in the atmosphere. Hundreds of unlit lamps had been kept arranged in the hall. As Tansen reached the climax of his singing, sud-





denly the lamps got lighted. Next, the silken screens which decorated the hall caught fire.

The audience broke into a chaos and ran helter skelter. Tansen stopped singing and hastened to his house. He was gasping for breath. He felt within himself the painful grazing of fire. He sprawled on the carpet.

But Saraswati and Roopvati, who sat in meditation, at once sang out *Meghmalar*. Tansen's suffering subsided. Soon clouds gathered in the sky. Rains came down, accompanied by cool gusts.

It took several months for Tansen to recover from the experience. The emperor never

asked him to sing *Deepak* again.

Besides a daughter, Saraswati, Tansen had four sons, Suratsen, Saratsen, Tarangasen and Vilas Khan. All of them proved to be gifted musicians. Their descendants sustained the musical tradition built by Tansen. From them, the tradition has passed on to thousands of musicians through the centuries.

Tansen died in 1585, at the age of eighty. His body was carried to Gwalior, as had been desired by him, and buried near the tomb of the fakir, his guardian.

Abul Fazl, Akbar's court historian, writes that a musician like Tansen had not been heard during a thousand years past!





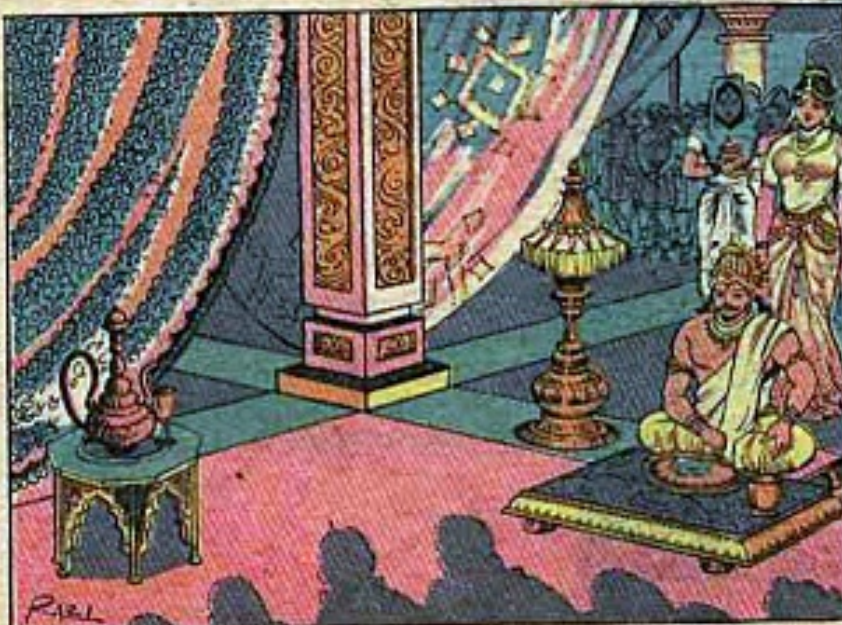
## THE WRATH OF THE INNOCENT



Ambarisa was a king of the Solar Dynasty; but what is more, he was a devotee of Vishnu. Pleased by his devotion, Vishnu once gave him a rare boon: he could use the Lord's Weapon, the *Sudarsana Chakra*, any time.

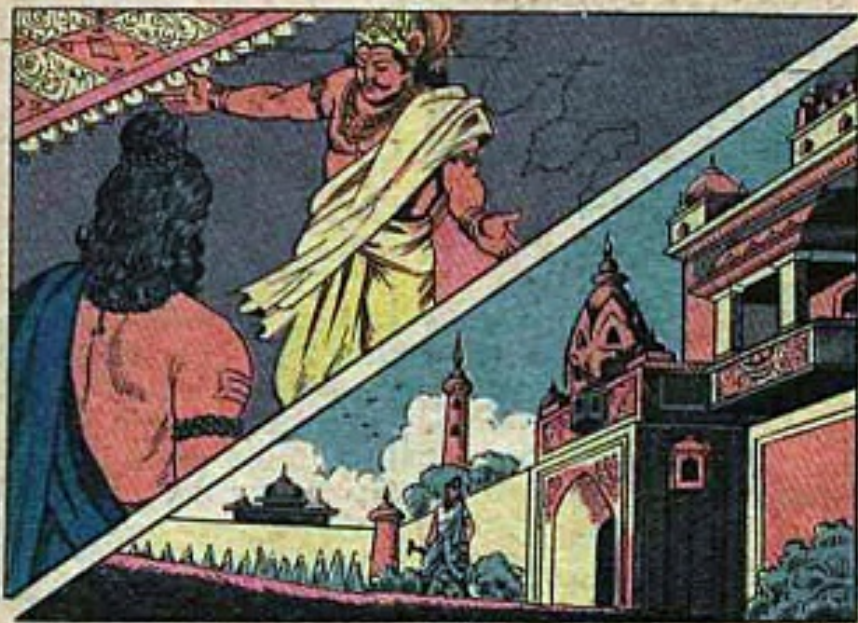
But the noble king never used the Weapon. He was a man of peace and spirituality. Once, for a whole year, he performed many rites for the welfare of his kingdom.

At the conclusion of the year-long period, King Ambarisa handed out gifts to the sages and the needy. All were happy.



The king had fasted for several days. As the ceremony ended, he sat down for taking food, at a propitious hour.





Just then the king was informed that the sage Durvasa had arrived. The king got up from his seat and received the sage, showing him the due respect.

The king requested the sage to have food. The sage went out to take bath in the river with the promise that he would return soon. The king waited.

But a long time passed. The king was unwilling to sit for food before the guest had been served. But as the propitious hour was passing, he took only a few drops of sacred water used for Vishnu's worship.



Durvasa returned that very moment. Coming to know that the king had broken his fast before serving him with food, he grew furious.



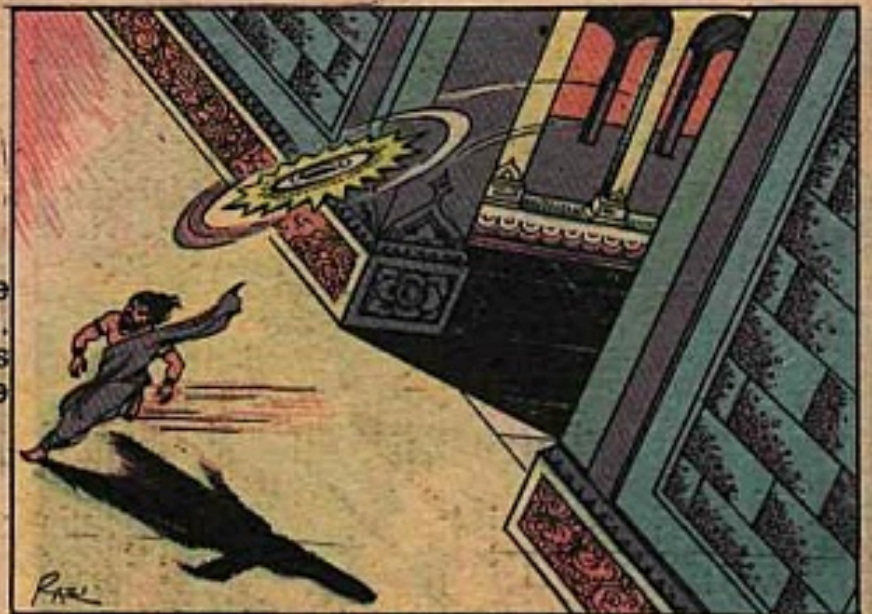
Paying no heed to the apology tendered by the king, the angry Durvasa tore off a lock from his head and dashed it on the ground. Instantly sprang up a fearful creature, *Ugradevata*.

The terrible being, *Ugradevata*, rushed at King Ambarisa in order to kill him. The king was hardly prepared for such a calamity.



The helpless king remembered the *Sudarsana Chakra*. In the twinkling of an eye, the *Chakra* appeared and destroyed the terrible creature created by Durvasa.

After destroying *Ugradevata*, the Divine Weapon pursued Durvasa. Durvasa tried to stop it by his occult power, but failed. He then fled for life.







Durvasa hid in a dense forest. But the mighty *Chakra* struck the forest and the trees went up in flames. The scared Durvasa ran out of the forest.

Durvasa took shelter in the sea. But the all-powerful *Chakra* followed him there. The sea rose in a great turmoil as the *Chakra* dashed into it.

Durvasa found no security anywhere—on earth or in the nether-world or in heaven. At last he threw himself at Vishnu's feet.



Vishnu advised the sage to surrender himself to Ambarisa. Durvasa had to act accordingly. The noble king received him with kindness and the sage was spared. Durvasa had tried to harass an innocent man. The innocent's wrath humiliated him.





*A Folktale from China*  
**ROYAL TRIP TO  
THE MAGIC LAND**

A certain king had a daughter and the king announced that whoever can excel in a number of tests would marry her.

A number of youths responded. Among them was Chung. No doubt, he came of a noble family, but they had become poor. Chung came dressed simply while other candidates wore glittering garments. King was not happy to see Chung.

But it so happened that while the other candidates did not succeed in passing all the tests Chung came out with flying colours. All the judges were of the opinion that Chung was the best bridegroom.

But the king did not agree with the judges. At once the judges were unanimous in the opinion that Chung was the most unfit of all the candidates!

Chung was asked to leave the

court. "What about my marrying the princess since I have excelled all in all the tests?"

"You wish to marry the princess, eh? Why don't you aspire to marry a fairy?" said the courtiers sarcastically.

Chung walked into the nearby forest, to hide his face from the neighbours. It was a moonlit night. Suddenly a sweet song greeted him. He looked here and there and saw a damsel standing on a small bridge and singing. Chung gazed at her, speechless, for she was beautiful beyond description.

After some time the damsel looked at Chung and smiled. Chung gathered courage and asked, "Are you a fairy?"

"I am," replied the damsel.

Chung laughed. "Why did you laugh?" asked the fairy.

"That will amuse you. A little





Next day news reached the king that Chung had indeed married a fairy. There was great surprise in the court. The king grew eager to see the fairy. He sent a message to Chung saying that Chung was to be made a courtier.

Well, to be a courtier was a great honour. One could look forward to a regular monthly allowance without doing anything except nodding at whatever the king uttered. But custom demanded that when Chung should go to receive the honour he should place some valuable gifts before the throne.

"Go to the seashore. You will find a chest thrown over to the land by the waves. Bring it home," the fairy advised Chung.

Chung returned with the box before long. He did not seem very hopeful because the chest was old and damaged. But his wife received it with great care and opened its lid. "Peep in," she said. Peeping into the box, Chung was amazed. He could see a strange land opening up before him—a land with golden towers, wonderful gardens and beautiful lakes.

"Go in and pick up something valuable. Nobody would ask for a price," said the fairy.

while ago I was told that I could look forward to marrying a fairy! Of course, those who said so laughed at me!"

The damsel blushed. That encouraged Chung. "I wonder if a human being, that too a poor young man like me, can ever dream of marrying a fairy!"

"Why not!" croodled the fairy. Chung felt as if his heart would burst with delight. He led the fairy to his home. The priest was woken up from his sleep; so were his friends. Chung and the fairy were married even as the princess was marrying a good-for-nothing nobleman.



Chung entered the chest and reached the magic land. He roamed about in the fragrant air for long and then returned with a bejewelled turban. Later, both Chung and his wife entered the chest again and enjoyed delicious dishes in the castle of the magic land and saw many more things. The land abounded in soldiers, but there was no commander over them. Inside the castle there lay a magnificent throne, but there sat no king on it.

Next day Chung met the king and presented him with the bejewelled turban and became a courtier.

"As a special honour to you, we should pay a visit to your house," announced the king. In fact, he desired to meet the fairy about whom he had heard so much in the meanwhile.

"You are most welcome, my lord!" said Chung.

The king had begun marveling at the turban. "I wonder where you got such a precious thing," he asked.

Chung was not sure if he ought to reveal all about the chest. But he was not in the habit of hiding facts. He gave out the wonders of the chest.

The king goggled his eyes;



so did his commander and the minister.

"We must visit your house forthwith," said the king as he stood up. "Lead us the way." He began walking, followed by his two offices.

On the way the king thought that since there was no king in the magic land, it would be clever of him to occupy the throne immediately. The commander thought that since there was nobody to command the large number of soldiers loitering about in the magic land, it would be clever of him to take over the command immediately. Next he could kill the



tyrant king then and there and march out of the magic land and occupy the throne here too.

The minister was not thinking any differently!

Chung's wife duly received them. The king and his two chief officers looked agape at the fairy. But they were most eager to enter the magic land. At their request the fairy removed the lid of the chest and the wonderful land was unfolded to their eyes.

"Please lead us in," the king told Chung and his wife.

The couple stepped into the box. The king and his two officers followed suit.

In the charming land they stood bewildered for a few minutes. But the king spotted the palace soon and rushed into it and occupied the throne. Once

he was on that magic throne, he could read the minds of his commander and the minister. The two officers were then dreaming of killing him. The king beheaded the officers.

No sooner had the king done so, than violent tides as high as hills broke into the city. Everything was getting engulfed by the rapid waves. The fairy dragged Chung by his hand and managed to climb out of the chest. "No killing had ever taken place in that city. Now that blood had been shed, the city will cease to exist," she explained to Chung.

The king failed to come out. A new king was needed. The people of the land who had earlier witnessed Chung excelling all others in all the tests, naturally chose him to succeed to the throne. (Adapted)







## THE WRONG EARS!

"Jairam! Let us go to the temple. A renowned scholar is reciting and explaining the *Puranas* there," Bhanudas told his neighbour.

Jairam was not enthusiastic about it. But he could not disregard a suggestion from Bhanudas. Bhanudas was an important person in the village.

But imagine the surprise of Gouri, Jairam's wife, when she found her husband returning home at the dead of night, thoroughly drunk! Jairam did not go to his work the next day, for he woke up very late and complained of severe headache. That was the effect of wine.

"Who is the wretch that inspired you to take to drinking?" asked Gouri when Jairam seemed sober.

"Tut, tut!" muttered Jairam. "Don't use such derogatory

words against gods. Yesterday the scholar said that Indra the king of the gods, drinks *Soma*. What was *Soma*?—I enquired of my friends. They told me that it was a kind of wine. If Indra drank wine, why shouldn't I?"

Jairam went to hear the discourse again in the evening. Again he returned drunk and, what is more, Gouri found that some money was missing from her box. At first Jairam tried to evade Gouri's questions regarding the lost money, but finally admitted having stolen it.

"Look here, even Indra once stole away a horse which belonged to King Sagara. Hence there cannot be anything wrong in my stealing your money," explained Jairam.

"You are fast approaching Indrahood!" observed Gouri.



Jairam smiled proudly.

It was already noon. Jairam was getting hungry. "Go and see what your mother is doing," Jairam asked his young son. "She ought to have called me for lunch by this time."

The son returned in a few minutes and informed that his mother was engrossed in making a garland.

Jairam waited for yet another hour. When he could not bear the pangs of hunger any more, he went into his house and demanded of Gouri, "What do you mean by wasting time on a garland? When are you going to cook our lunch?"

"Cook?" asked Gouri feigning surprise. "Well, I don't understand what you mean. Since you became identified with Indra, I got identified with Sachi, Indra's wife, the queen

of the gods. In the pages of mythological books I have seen Sachi passing her time making garlands. Never have I come across a description of Sachi cooking!"

Jairam now realised his folly. He kept mum. He had to suffer the hunger for the rest of the day. In the evening when Bhanudas called him for the discourse, he was not in a mood to accompany him.

In course of the discourse, the scholar told his audience, "Never coax a man to come to such sessions. Only those who have developed a natural urge for understanding scriptures should come here. Otherwise one cannot enter into the spirit of the discourse. The words of the scriptures, passing into wrong ears, are likely to produce wrong results!"





*New Tales of King Vikram,  
and the Vampire*

## THE LOST OPPORTUNITY

In the lightning that preceded the crack of thunder, King Vikram saw the corpse hanging from a branch of the ancient banian tree. He climbed the tree and brought the corpse down again.

The night was dark and the atmosphere weird—with frequent drizzle, howling of jackals and the laughter of the invisible beings. But King Vikram swerved not. He began crossing the cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder.

Suddenly observed the vampire that possessed the corpse: "O King, I don't know whether you will be able to reap the fruit of your labour. There are instances of people shunning the opportunity that comes to them after long hardship. Let me tell you the story of Shrimant to illustrate my point. The burden you are undertaking will







be less severe if you give your attention to my narration."

The vampire went on:

In days gone by there was a prosperous merchant named Udaybhanu who traded with the lands beyond the sea. He earned both wealth and fame. He expected his son, Shrimant, to continue his line of business. But Shrimant was a young man with a different mission in life. He became a physician. He devoted much of his time to the study of the old books recording the names of herbs and their qualities. He revived the use of many a forgotten medicine.

Udaybhanu tried his best to

persuade Shrimant to take to business, but failed. He died rather a sad man.

Shrimant closed down his father's business as soon as the good old merchant's funereal rites were over. He opened a big laboratory and employed several young physicians as his assistants. They carried on a systematic research in the methods of the Ayurveda. He also opened a charitable dispensary. Innumerable people were cured by him of their diseases. Udaybhanu had bought hundreds of acres of lands, orchards and gardens. Besides, he had accumulated a huge quantity of gold and silver. Shrimant knew that he could afford to be as generous as he liked.

While Shrimant grew immensely popular with the common people, he became the eye-sore of two influential sections of people, namely, the quacks and the rich. Quacks who never learnt the science of medicine properly but exploited the people were angry with Shrimant because their patients went over to him. The rich grew jealous of him because they heard the people commenting: "Of all the wealthy men of



this land Shrimant alone knows how to make the best use of wealth. Others are just greedy misers!"

In those days the king ruled the country through several feudal chiefs. The old chief of that region who appreciated Shrimant's work died. His son, the new chief, was a good-for-nothing fellow, given to flattery and several other vices. Shrimant's enemies met him in a delegation, gave him a number of handsome presents, and complained against Shrimant that he was killing people through wrong treatment.

In order to please his flatterers

and bribers, the chief passed order asking Shrimant to leave the region at once. Shrimant could have appealed to the king, but he was told that the king was no better than the chief. Besides, he had become disgusted with the situation. He left home without telling anybody anything.

He reached a harbour. A merchant-ship was leaving for an island. The owner of the ship had been a great friend of Udaybhanu. He invited Shrimant to join him in the voyage. Shrimant accepted the invitation gladly.

The ship ran into rough wea-





ther and sank. Shrimant, resting on a block of timber, managed to reach the shore of an island. He lay senseless on the sand when a girl found him and nursed him back to sense.

The island was inhabited by a race of simple people. They lived happily, depending on the vegetables and fruits which the island yielded in abundance. There were neither rich nor poor among them.

But one ailment struck almost all of them. At their middle age they lost their sight. "This is a curse of the community," they informed Shrimant and sighed.

Shrimant knew that this was a rare kind of epidemic. He also knew that if a land was beset with a particular disease, the panacea for the disease too was hidden in that very land. He searched for the right herbs and found them out before long. He began treating the islanders. Those on the verge of growing blind were saved. Those who had already lost their sight recovered it partly. There was great joy among all. They took Shrimant as a God-sent angel.

Shrimant married the girl who had nursed him back to life and lived in the island, serving the people through his know-





ledge of medicines. Years passed.

One day a ship came to anchor at the suitable spot along the island's coast. The inmates of the ship were looking for drinking water. Upon coming ashore they were surprised as well as delighted to see Shrimant. They informed him that the situation in their own land had completely changed. The feudal chief who had driven out Shrimant had been punished with death by the king for his numerous misdeeds. A committee took care of Shrimant's property. The king had announced that whenever Shrimant returned his property will be restored to him. He should also be given a grand welcome by the state. There was even the possibility of the king appointing him as his minister.

The visitors requested Shrimant to return with them and claim his property and the honour that awaited him.

Shrimant looked happy to hear all this. The visitors were sure that he will accompany them to his native land. But when the time for departure came, Shrimant told them that he was in no mood to leave the island. All the entreatment of



his well-wishers failed.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of the king: "Tell me, if you can, O King, why did Shrimant refuse to return home? He could have enjoyed his property and also could have used his wealth for better service to the people. With the blessings of the king, he could have done anything he liked. Why did he spurn the offer of the visitors? O King, if you know the answers to my questions and yet choose to keep mum, your head would roll off your shoulder!"

The king answered without a moment's delay: "Had Shri-





mant any desire to enjoy wealth, he would have taken care to increase the property left by his father. The fact that he took no interest in his father's business shows that his mission in life was service and not enjoyment. He pursued the mission well in the island.

“Although the ruling chief who had harassed him was gone, the quacks and the rich were still there. They would not cease to be jealous of him.

Such groups of people were not there in the simple island community. In the island, he was not required to take note of the attitude towards him of a king or a chief. He served the people and the people loved him. Hence he found the island a perfect home for himself."

No sooner had the king finished his reply than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

## SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES







## VEER HANUMAN

It happened when the Pandavas were roaming about in the forest. One day while Draupadi was enjoying the beauty of the majestic Himalayas, a strange flower fell on her, blown by the breeze from the interior of the hills. Its fragrance was amazingly charming.

Draupadi was amazed. She looked here and there for the source of the flower. But no plant bearing a similar flower was to be seen nearby. Soon she and the Pandavas realised that it was impossible to find the plant in that region. In fact, hardly ever human beings saw the flower. It was a rare chance that had brought the flower to Draupadi.

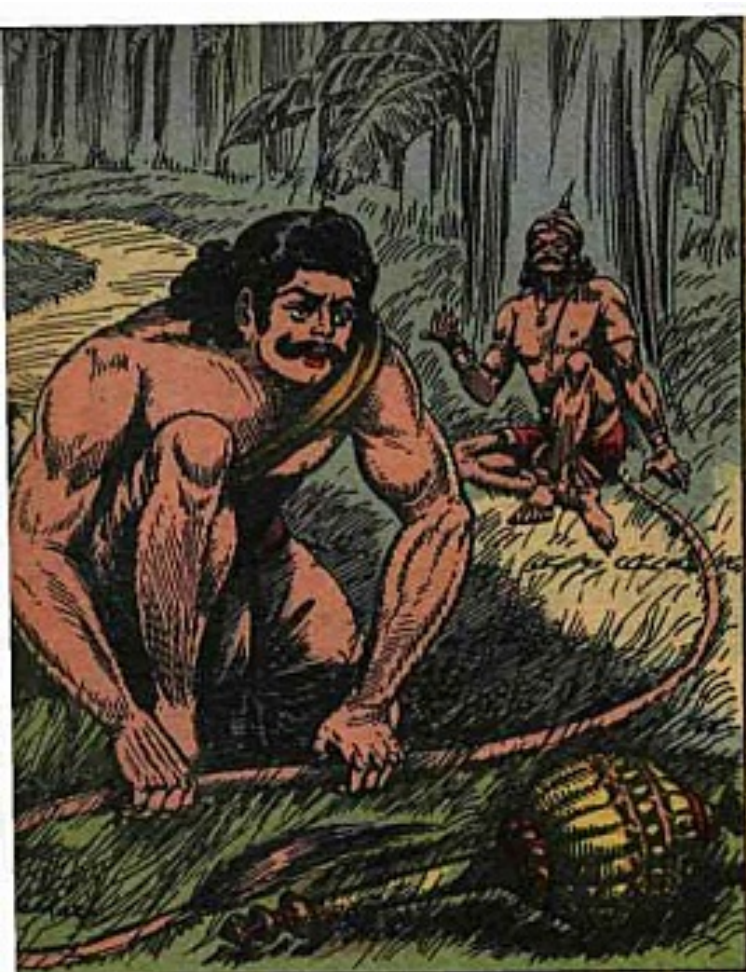
It was a kind of lotus known

as the *Sougandhika*. It blossomed in the *Jalasarovara*, a lake situated near the dwelling of Kuvera, adjoining the famous *Manasarovara*.

Only one *Sougandhika* blossomed every morning. Kuvera plucked it and carried it to Mount Kailash and offered it to Lord Shiva. When he returned, he brought with him the flower offered on the previous day. The flower which Draupadi got was one such old flower swept by the breeze off Kuvera's chariot, the *Puspaka*.

Draupadi expressed a desire to have a fresh *Sougandhika*. Bhima, with his mace on his shoulder, went in search of one. On his way he came across the banana grove where Hanuman.





looking old, sat leaning against a tree. With his eyes closed, he was meditating on Rama. His tail lay stretched across the road.

Bhima did not like to jump the tail. He asked Hanuman, whom he mistook to be an ordinary old Vanara, to remove the tail. But his voice sounded like a threat. It produced fearful echoes in the hills.

Hanuman showed no reaction. After a while he spoke falteringly, "Look here, young man, I am old and weak. Will you please remove my tail yourself and go your way?"

Bhima stooped and tried to remove the tail by one hand.

Failing, he sat down and applied both his hands. But he could not move it even for an inch.

"Is it not rather strange that you can't lift up the frail tail of a mere Vanara? How dare you sport a mace and show yourself like a hero? I hope, you are not proceeding somewhere inspired by some woman's entreatment!" observed Hanuman in a sarcastic tone.

"Stop your blabbering!" commanded Bhima who was quite annoyed and no less amazed. He raised his mace in a bid to frighten Hanuman.

"You wish to fight me, do you? What is the fun in trying your strength against an old Vanara? However, I too have a mace, lying unused for long," said Hanuman as he extended his hand towards his mace. But the weapon was beyond his reach.

"Will you please bring me my mace? That will give me a chance to resist your attack!" said Hanuman.

Bhima tried to lift Hanuman's mace, but in vain. Hanuman smiled and said, "Weapons were no doubt bigger and heavier in bygone days when I wielded them; what you people use nowadays look like toys."



Hanuman stretched himself and picked up his mace. He touched it on Bhima's head as if to bless him. But the pressure was enough for Bhima to give out a shriek and plant a blow on Hanuman.

Hanuman jumped up. Both were locked in a fight. Their shouts shook the region.

All on a sudden, at a blow from Hanuman, Bhima's mace slipped off his hand. Instantly Hanuman threw away his own mace and both resorted to wrestling.

At this stage a question flashed in Bhima's mind: "Who is this hero who seems keen to impart the art of fighting and wrestling to me instead of just wishing to defeat me? The stranger was conducting himself more like a trainer than an enemy!"

Next moment the answer too flashed in his mind: The stranger could be none other than Hanuman!

As soon as this realisation dawned on Bhima, he threw himself at Hanuman's feet and exclaimed, "I know who you are, O great soul! You are Hanuman. I am, like you, a son of the God of Wind."

Hanuman lifted up Bhima with love and said, "We are



brothers!"

Bhima said with folded hands, "Be pleased to show me your true great form for a moment! I will feel rewarded!"

"My dear brother! It is not possible to assume my true form fully in this age. However, I shall try to satisfy you to the extent possible," said Hanuman and at once he began enlarging himself. His figure inspired awe and wonder in Bhima. He could not bear it for long and told Hanuman that he had been satisfied. Hanuman shrank to his former size.

"Now, tell me the purpose of your visiting this difficult region," said Hanuman.





Bhima told him all about Draupadi's fascination for the rare lotus, *Sougandhika*.

"Bhima! The *Jalasarovara* is guarded by a *Yakshini* named Keshini. She is a terrible being. Neither your strength nor your valour can be of any avail to you before her. She will try to mislead and capture you through her wizardry. But, sitting here, I shall meditate on Rama and pray for your safety. That alone will protect you," said Hanuman.

He then gave Bhima a sheaf of his hair and advised him to throw one of them on the ground as soon as Keshini would come closer to him.

With the hair thrown on the ground, a symbol of Shiva would emerge. Keshini being a great devotee of Shiva, she cannot pursue Bhima without first showing due reverence to the symbol.

Bhima advanced in the direction of the lake. Keshini noticed Bhima from far. She at once changed into a charming damsel and began dancing. For a moment Bhima forgot of his mission. But the voice of Hanuman muttering the name of Rama echoed in his ears and he returned to senses.

When Keshini saw that she had failed to entice Bhima through a show of false beauty, she assumed her true form which was terrible and pursued the hero.

Bhima threw a hair and at once a symbol of Shiva emerged on the ground. Keshini prostrated herself to the symbol, reciting the appropriate hymns. Bhima ran at the lake and plucked the lotus and began his return journey without losing a moment.

Keshini pursued him again. But Bhima checked her by throwing on the ground yet another hair of Hanuman.

Soon he was back at Hanuman's grove.



"O great soul, my mission is accomplished through your blessings. I have one more prayer to make to you on behalf of all the Pandavas. In the coming battle between the Kauravas and the Pandavas, you must side with us," pleaded Bhima.

Said Hanuman, "I must not participate in a battle in this age. However, since you request me for my help, I promise to be present in the flag on Arjuna's chariot and protect you. Your victory is certain. You may now go and satisfy Draupadi's desire by giving her the lotus. But I would like you to tell her that such desires and curiosity are to be shunned. It was Sita's desire for the golden deer that threw her into untold difficulties. Further, advise her to put the lotus in her locks uttering Shiva's name. That would ensure a permanent freshness for the flower. You, the Pandavas, should also worship Shiva. That would do you good and enrich you with Kuvera's wealth."

Bhima took leave of Hanuman and returned to his camp. Draupadi worshipped Shiva with the lotus, as advised by Hanuman.



When Bhima told Draupadi about Hanuman's warning against curiosity and desire, she blushed. Next she commented with a smile, "Is it not on account of my desire for the lotus that we received the great Hanuman's blessings?"

"That is true!" agreed the others. The Pandavas, indeed, were delighted with their contact with Hanuman.

At the end of their exile, the Pandavas sent Krishna to the Kaurava camp with proposals of peace. But Krishna's advice was not heeded by Duryodhana. The battle could not be avoided.

Krishna himself became Arjuna's charioteer. Hanu-



man's emanation rested in the flag on Arjuna's chariot. Arjuna fought with unique courage. His dashing chariot scattered the enemy.

Once Duryodhana's cruel brother, Duhshasana, had dragged Draupadi by the hair into the royal court. Bhima had then taken the vow that one day he would wash Draupadi's hair with the ruffian's blood. He fulfilled his vow by tearing Duhshasana's breast and making Draupadi dip her hair in the blood. Her hair thus washed, Draupadi put the *Saugandhika* lotus in her locks and bowed to the flag that was charged with the presence of Hanuman.

Bhima had taken a vow to crack Duryodhana's thigh. That he did with his mace. The Kauravas were routed and the Pandavas emerged

victorious.

Krishna congratulated Hanuman, saying "O mighty hero! You had been with Rama in the past. Your presence in the flag protected the Pandavas this time. Hail to thee!"

Hanuman emerged from the flag and said, "My lord, could the Pandavas lose while you were their guide? You were the cause of their victory; I was a mere symbol."

"Remain forever the symbol of victory. Let the flag that flies in your name be the flag of victory through the ages," said Krishna, in the way of blessing Hanuman.

The Pandavas bowed to Hanuman. Thereafter the hero took leave of Krishna and was back on Mount Gandhamadan where he soon got immersed in meditation on Rama.

*(to be continued)*







## A LESSON FROM HOME

Kumudini had heard much about the bad treatment which a daughter-in-law generally got, from her mother-in-law.

But her fears were proved baseless. Her mother-in-law was extremely indulgent to her. If Kumudini liked a *saree*, she would buy her not one but two of the same. If Kumudini complained of a slight headache, she would call the physician.

Kumudini now got the impression that it was the sole duty of the mothers-in-law to look after their daughters-in-law.

Kumudini's husband, Ravindra, was happy at the thought that his wife assisted his mother in all the domestic works. His devotion to his mother was no less than his love for his wife.

One day, while enjoying his lunch, Ravindra said jokingly, "The items are tasteless today,

I don't know why!" He was under the impression that Kumudini had cooked them.

"Neither do I know!" said Kumudini. "It is mother who has cooked them, as she does everyday!"

"As she does everyday! Then what do you do?" asked Ravindra with surprise.

"You don't mean to say that I idle away my time!" flared up Kumudini. "If ever I idled away my time, it was as long as I was with my parents!" she said boastfully.

"I see, then why don't you continue to live with your parents?" commented Ravindra, feeling sad.

Kumudini wept and at once proposed to go away to her parents. Her mother-in-law, who knew nothing of the dialogue, concluded that Kumudini



just missed her parents. She arranged to send her to the without any loss of time.

Kumudini was warmly received at her parents' place. In the meanwhile her elder brother had married. Vasanti was the name of the bride. Kumudini observed that her mother knocked on the doors of Vasanti's room quite in the morning and herself retired to bed again. Vasanti got up and busied herself in the household chores. She had hardly any respite till late in the night. Whenever Kumudini and Vasanti came face to face, Vasanti smiled at her sweetly; she never complained of any hardship.

"Mummy, where is our cook?" Kumudini asked her mother.

"Cook? Must I have a cook even after I have brought a daughter-in-law?" asked her

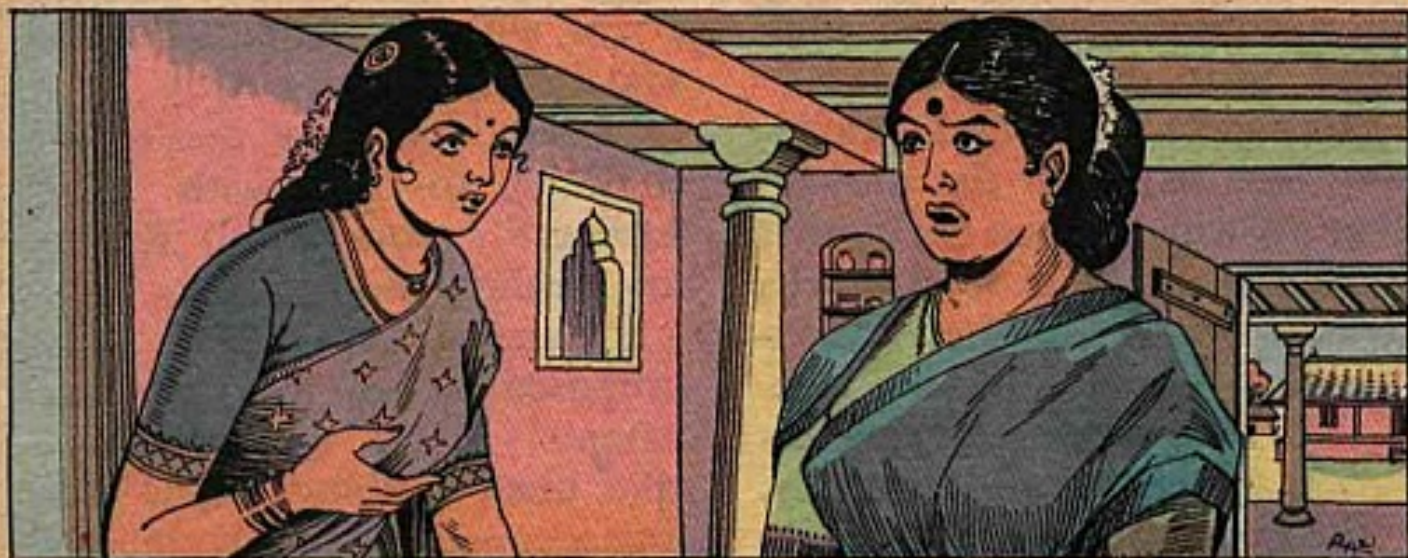
mother in return.

Tears came to Kumudini's eyes when she remembered her own mother-in-law. She prepared to go back.

While leaving, she told her mother, "Mummy! the girl you have got for a daughter-in-law is ten times better than myself. Never be harsh towards her; do not give her too hard work!"

Her mother looked on vacantly. Kumudini then burst into tears and narrated all that had passed between herself and her husband.

"Mummy! Do not forget that just as I am your daughter, Vasanti too is another mother's daughter. Just as you will suffer if I suffer in the hands of my mother-in-law, her mother will suffer if she suffers in your hands!" These were Kumudini's parting words.





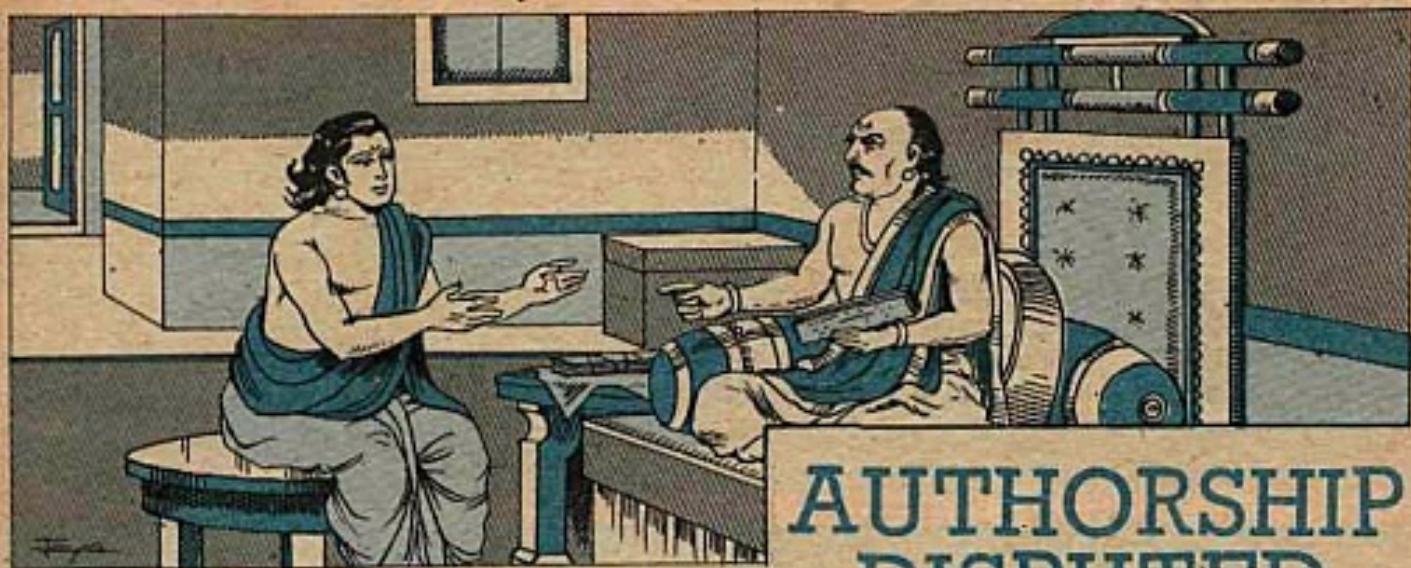
## MONUMENTS OF INDIA

### THE SHRINE OF ACHALESHWAR

At Mount Abu, the famous hill station in Rajasthan, is situated the shrine of Achaleshwar Mahadev, believed to be the most ancient temple in the region. Inside the temple there is an orifice. It is not known how deep it is. In front of the temple is to be seen an impressive statue of Parvati Devi. Nearby is a tank, Mandakini Kund.







## AUTHORSHIP DISPUTED

Nobody knew that Rajshekhar of Pushpapur was a talented poet. In fact, Rajshekhar himself was not sure of his greatness. He wrote because he felt inspired to write.

Miles away, in the town, lived Nagbhushan, the court poet. Rajshekhar's friends advised him to show his compositions to Nagbhushan who, they believed, would be able to make a proper evaluation of them.

Rajshekhar felt quite shy, but ultimately he carried a bunch of his newly composed verses to the town and met the renowned poet, Nagbhushan.

"O Great Poet! Here are some attempts at poetry by this humble young man. You are their best judge, say my friends. Be pleased to read them. Please tell me frankly if they bear any stamp of promise. If not, no

more need I waste my time in writing such stuff!" said Rajshekhar.

Nagbhushan glanced through the poems. He was struck by wonder. The poems were excellent, far superior to what he had ever written.

By and by an evil thought took possession of him. He said, "Young man, it seems you have some capacity for writing poetry. It is not possible to say, off hand, anything more than this. Leave your work with me and meet me after a fortnight. I should have read them thoroughly and formed my opinion."

Rajshekhar returned to the poet after a fortnight and greeted him.

"What do you want?" asked Nagbhushan.

"I am the man who left a bunch of poems with you for



your kind perusal," said Rajshekhar.

"You are under some error, young man. You might have left your poems with someone else," said Nagbhushan.

"Why on earth should I give my poems to someone else? You are the famous poet. I left them with you! You are a busy man. You might have forgotten. But my poems must be lying somewhere here," insisted Rajshekhar.

"Don't be impertinent. Who is the witness to your leaving the poems with me?" asked Nagbhushan rudely.

Rajshekhar stood in silence

for a moment. Then he sighed and said, "Now that you are raising the question of a witness, I understand what your motive is."

Rajshekhar left the poet's house. But instead of returning to his village, he waited in the town.

A week later he gathered from a courtier that Nagbhushan was going to read out a bunch of new poems to the king. He presented himself in the court on the appointed day.

Hardly had Nagbhushan finished reading a stanza when Rajshekhar stood up and exclaimed, "This is my composi-





tion!"

All were stunned. Nagbhushan was found shaking in shame and anger.

The king took the manuscript from Nagbhushan's hands and said, "Young man, are you mad? This is clearly our court-poet's handwriting!"

"My lord, my manuscript lay with the court-poet for a fortnight. He must have made a copy of it," said Rajshekhar.

Rajshekhar's voice bore the force of truth. The king could not just ignore him.

"The young man is a rogue! These are my best poems. I have decided to dedicate them to the king!" shouted Nagbhushan, in a bid to please the king.

"Are you willing to dedicate these poems to me if I declare these to be yours?" the king asked Rajshekhar in a jocular

vein.

"No, my lord, I am sorry to say," replied Rajshekhar.

"But why?" asked the king with curiosity.

"The cause is in my original manuscript," said Rajshekhar.

The king detained Nagbhushan in the court, but sent two of his officers to search Nagbhushan's house. They returned with a few manuscripts. Rajshekhar pointed his finger at the one that was his.

"My lord, look at the first leaf. I have already dedicated this bunch to our family deity," explained Rajshekhar.

It was found to be true. Nagbhushan fell at the king's feet and apologised for his offence. He lost his position. Needless to say, it was Rajshekhar who was the new court-poet.





# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. S. Paramasivan



Mr. Sambhu Mukherjee

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, are several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
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- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to :

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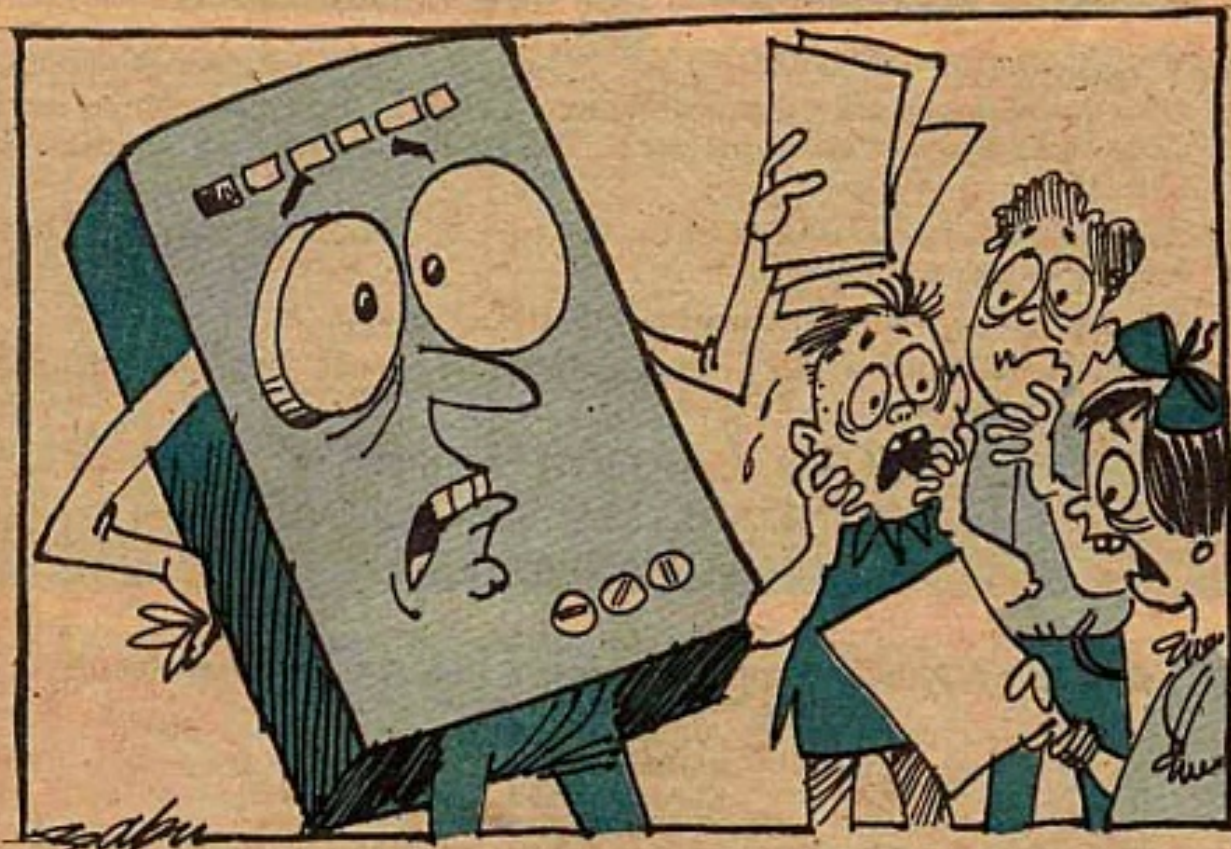
Winning Entry—'Playful In Deed'—'Faithful In Need'



## BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT

Once a computer was pressed to service for supplying a shorter expression for the phrase, *Out of sight, out of mind*. It gave out smartly: *Blind fool!* "Brevity", said Shakespeare, "is the soul of wit". The computer had no soul. It could not appreciate the feeling behind the phrase. It made an exercise in soulless brevity. But if one has a lively soul but a weak vocabulary, one tends to speak a lot when fewer words should suffice. Below is a brief list of single words set against their lengthy meaning:

1. One who loves his fellow men and works for their welfare: *Philanthropist*.
2. One who leaves his own country and settles down in another country: *Emigrant*.
3. One who comes as a settler into a foreign country: *Immigrant*.
4. One who believes in the existence of God: *Theist*.
5. One who does not believe in the existence of God: *Atheist*.
6. Not concretely or clearly expressed: *Inexplicable*.
7. One who cannot be easily pleased: *Fastidious*.
8. One who as a principle never takes alcoholic drinks: *Teetotaller*.
9. A word or practice which is no more in use: *Obsolete*.
10. A person who is indifferent to pleasure or pain: *Stoic*.





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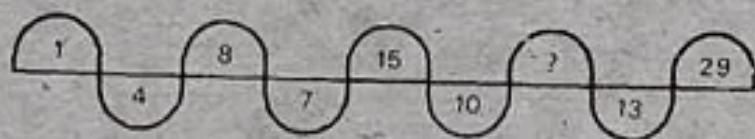
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